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The whole community of bees, young and old, live in peace and unity together, so long as there are conveniences for their reception; but when their number is so far encreased, as not to find sufficient room for them, then the old bees, whose right and title are indisputable, make war upon the young ones, if they refuse to quit the hive. In general, however, the young brood testify all the duty and submission imaginable; and, at a certain day and hour, or rather at one and the same moment, the whole swarm of young bees, with their queen at their head, march out of the hive in form, and take their flight to some distant fields, in search after some other agreeable situation. If bees behave so dutifully to their parents, how obedient ought little misses and masters to be, since they have more sense than bees.

I beg you will attend, my dears, to the curious manner in which they build their nests. When they begin this business, they

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they divide into four several parties. The first party range all over the fields in quest of proper materials; the second work upon the materials that are brought home, and make a rough draught or plan of the intended structure; the third polish and complete it, bringing it to its utmost beauty and perfection; and the fourth attend with provisions on such as have not time to leave their work. The making of the cells is really very difficult and troublesome, because they not only lay the wax smooth, but also extend it to its proper dimensions, and cut and adjust it with their jaws.

Though the neatness and beauty of their work is surprising, yet these labourers are so active and industrious, that a comb, consisting of a double row of cells, which is a foot long, and six inches broad, is accomplished in a day's time, and is large enough for the reception of three thousand bees. The honey-combs are divided into three parts; one,